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Section Editors: Carey Denton, Christine Hatt,
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FREE IN
ISSUE 21
Spooky
Pop-up



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SPINECHILLER
Collection

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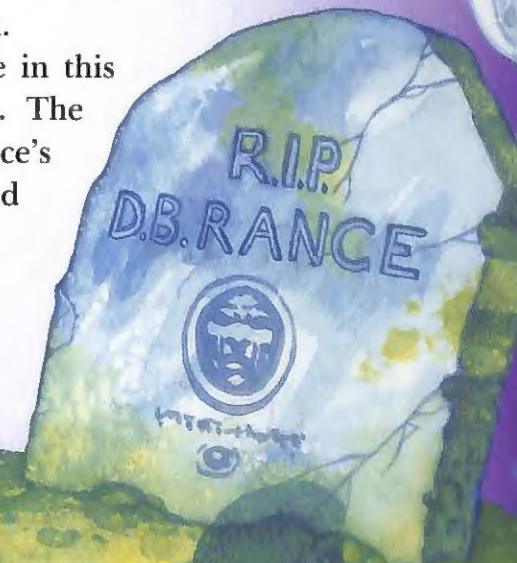
THE UNEXPLAINED
Stone Circles

THE GUNSLINGER



Comstock City was one of the most famous frontier towns of the American West, and Chris prided himself on knowing all the details of its incredible history. Chris and his buddies Michael and Eddie often took a shortcut through the old cemetery on the way home from Comstock Middle School, and Chris would tell his friends the legends of the men and women who rested beneath the worn tombstones. Like everyone else in town, Michael and Eddie were already familiar with most of the stories, but Chris had become a real expert. His favourite tales were of the outlaws – brutal gunslingers who had terrorised the town a century before. One very fierce gang had been feared throughout the territory. Their leader, D B Rance, had had a particularly evil career. Rance had killed seven men by the time he was eighteen.

"He's the meanest of anybody here in this cemetery," Chris assured his friends. The boys had stopped at the side of Rance's grave. "He even killed men who had dropped to their knees begging for their lives." Chris saw that this made an impression on the other boys. "But he was a coward, too. He was known for shooting people in the back."



Michael studied the grave. "Wasn't he killed in a shootout?"

Chris loved the attention of his friends, and he played it up for all that it was worth. He tucked his thumbs in his belt loops and placed one foot against the tombstone. "Yeah. He was gunned down... him and his whole gang. Rance was the first one to go. He got a bullet right between the eyes and dropped where he stood. But they're all here." Chris made a sweeping gesture with his hand toward the back of the cemetery grounds.

Eddie shivered. "Hey, you guys. It's starting to get late. We don't want to be here after dark."

Chris smirked. "Why not? You're not afraid of anything in here, are you?"

"C'mon, Chris." Michael picked his bike up from the ground where he had left it. "Eddie's right."

"I don't believe you guys!" Chris laughed. "These jerks are dead. *I'm* not afraid of them. I wouldn't even have been afraid of them when they were alive." He made his point by kicking at Rance's aged gravestone.

"You'd better not do that, Chris," Eddie warned.

Chris cocked his head. "Why not? I really don't believe you guys. You're chicken... afraid of a dead man!"

"You wouldn't say that if he were standing right in front of you," Eddie replied, rapidly.

"Sure I would," said Chris. "If I'd have lived here a hundred years ago, I would have been even meaner than D B Rance. I would have joined his gang. No, I probably would have been the *leader* of his gang!" Excitedly, Chris turned around to face the grave. "Do you hear that, D B Rance? I'm not afraid of you. If you're so tough, I challenge you to a battle right here and now!"

Chris stood defiantly, his fists clenched. He had always secretly wished that he could have lived in the days of the Old West. He thought it would have been great to have marched down the centre of a dusty street while the townspeople fled for cover... to have faced down an opponent and waited for the right second to draw his gun.

The boys stood, barely breathing. The only sound was the creaking of the leafless branches of a huge dead tree beside the grave. Finally, Chris laughed. "You see?" He felt a thrill pass through his body, as though he'd actually won a battle. "I told you. Rance is a coward."

"Like you said... he's dead," Michael muttered, under his breath.

Chris laughed again. "If he was everything that some people around here say he was, even that wouldn't stop him. He's a coward and a phoney!" To make his point, Chris kicked at the gravestone again. But since it had been raining a lot

lately and the ground was soft, this time the thin stone quivered slightly, and a small chunk fell off the top and landed with a sickening thud.

Just then, the wind picked up unexpectedly and the tree branches overhead swayed and groaned. Chris was startled. To cover his sudden fear, he bent down and picked up the small, rough-edged piece of stone. It felt cold and heavy in his hand. "I think I'll just keep this as a souvenir."

"Maybe you'd better not take it, Chris," Eddie advised nervously. "Maybe you should just put it back."

Chris slipped the stone into his backpack and swaggered over to his bike. "Who's going to make me?" He tilted his head toward the grave. "Him?"



Once they were away from the cemetery, Michael and Eddie quickly got over their fear. By the time the boys reached their block, they were all laughing about how Chris had bested that two-bit gunslinger.

"I guess he couldn't have been all that tough," Michael admitted. "Or he wouldn't have been caught in an ambush."

"Yeah, I'd never let anybody sneak up on me," Chris boasted as he opened the front gate to his yard. As he stepped inside and pulled the gate closed, he caught sight of something in the soft dirt beside the path. It was a fresh print, a big one... a boot print. Chris

stared at the print for a moment, trying to decide who might have made it. Then he realised that his friends were already pedalling off down the street. "See you tomorrow," he yelled after them.

After dinner he told his mum he had lots of homework and headed upstairs to his room to read the newest issue of his favourite comic book, *Spook Mansion*. He flopped down on his bed and had barely started the first story, about a boy trapped in a haunted funfair, when his mum called up the stairs to him.

"Chris!"

He pretended not to hear her.

"Chris!" she called a little louder. "I know you can hear me. You promised to take out the trash right after dinner."

He sighed but still didn't answer.

"CHRIS!"

"All right! I'll be there in a minute," he called back.

"Not in a minute – come down here right now, young man."

Chris could tell by the tone of his mother's voice that it would be a good idea to do as she asked. Grumbling, he tossed the comic aside and stomped half-heartedly downstairs. His mother was waiting for him.

"And when you're finished, you can get your homework and do it down here on the table instead of barricading yourself



upstairs in your room to read comic books," she said firmly.

"I wasn't reading comic books," Chris lied, wondering how she always knew. He pulled on his jacket and grabbed the plastic bag sitting beside the kitchen table, then shoved open the screen door and let it slam behind him.

Still muttering, he shuffled out into the back yard and to the alley gate. It was always pretty deserted in his neighbourhood at night. There was a streetlight fairly close to the gate, but he still didn't like being alone in the alley. He hurriedly lifted the lid on the metal bin, threw the bag of garbage inside and slammed the lid back down.

As soon as he turned toward the open gate again, he noticed a tall figure at the darkened end of the alley. His heart began to race, but for some reason Chris couldn't seem to move his feet. The shadow walked very slowly and deliberately towards him. He could

hear the dull sound of boot heels hitting the dusty pavement.

Chris lowered his eyes, terrified to look at the approaching figure, but somehow he knew who it was. "Please, don't let it be him," he moaned. But when Chris raised his eyes again, he felt a wave of horror flood over him. He was looking at the cruel face of D B Rance.



It was the same evil face that he had seen in old pictures in local tourist guides, but with one difference. Unlike in the pictures, there was a neat, black hole right between the gunslinger's eyes... an ugly wound from the bullet that had ended his life a century before.

The phantom stopped short and locked his cold eyes on Chris. He was dressed in faded clothes and a worn, rotting leather jacket. He pushed his jacket back on one side and Chris could see a shining pistol strapped to his left hip. Rance held his left arm so that his hand was only inches from the gun. His fingers, curled up like claws, were twitching as if he couldn't wait to use the weapon once more.

Chris looked down at his own trembling hands. "A ghost can't hurt me," he said aloud, trying to convince himself. "He isn't real." Chris stole a look at the gate. It was open. He tried with all his might to run, but his terror held him anchored to one spot.

Rance twisted his mouth into a terrible grin and spoke. "What's the matter, boy?"



"You a coward or something? I don't think there's anything I hate worse than a coward. Unless it's a *thief* and a coward."

Chris saw the spectre's hand flinch, and he forced himself to move. He made a clumsy, stumbling dive for the gate and landed face-down in the alley. Afraid to look up, he crawled along, trying to escape the gruesome ghost of D B Rance.

Suddenly, Chris realised that it wasn't the asphalt of the alley that he was dragging himself across, but earth. He dug his fingers around handfuls of cold clay. The only sound was the creaking of branches in the wind.

Finally, Chris opened his eyes. He didn't know how it had happened, but he was stretched across the cold earth of the cemetery, and he wasn't alone. As frightened as he was, Chris recognised

all the figures standing around him - Rufus Thomas, Hayworth Weiser, Kevin O'Donnell... all men who had died that day with D B Rance. Even Jack Peyton, the only gang member to have survived the gun battle, stood staring down at him. Chris saw the deep red mark of the hangman's rope on the ghost's pale neck.

Slowly, Chris raised himself up to his knees, then to his feet. The phantoms didn't move. Gathering his courage, Chris whirled around and raced toward the cemetery fence. He didn't get far. D B Rance stepped from behind the old dead tree and stood directly in his path.

The wind howled, and the dried branches of the tree trembled like long-fingered hands reaching up into the night sky. Chris could hear the ancient wood snapping and crackling. He fell to

his knees beside the gravestone that he had damaged earlier. He remembered Eddie's words: You wouldn't say that if he were standing right in front of you.

"I didn't mean any of what I said," Chris sobbed. The gunfighter eased toward him like a predator. The phantom gang looked on silently. Chris could smell dampness and decay as the thing crouched down, put its face right next to his, and touched the barrel of a Colt .45 to Chris's head.

"You took something of mine," Rance growled. Chris cringed at his rancid breath. "Nobody steals from me."



Chris peered up into the horrible eyes and backed away just slightly. As he moved he felt the weight of something in his jacket. He slipped his trembling fingers inside, pulled the broken piece of gravestone from his pocket and held it in the palm of his outstretched hand. Slowly, the gunslinger reached out and took it. Chris felt the icy, cold brush of the dead man's hand.

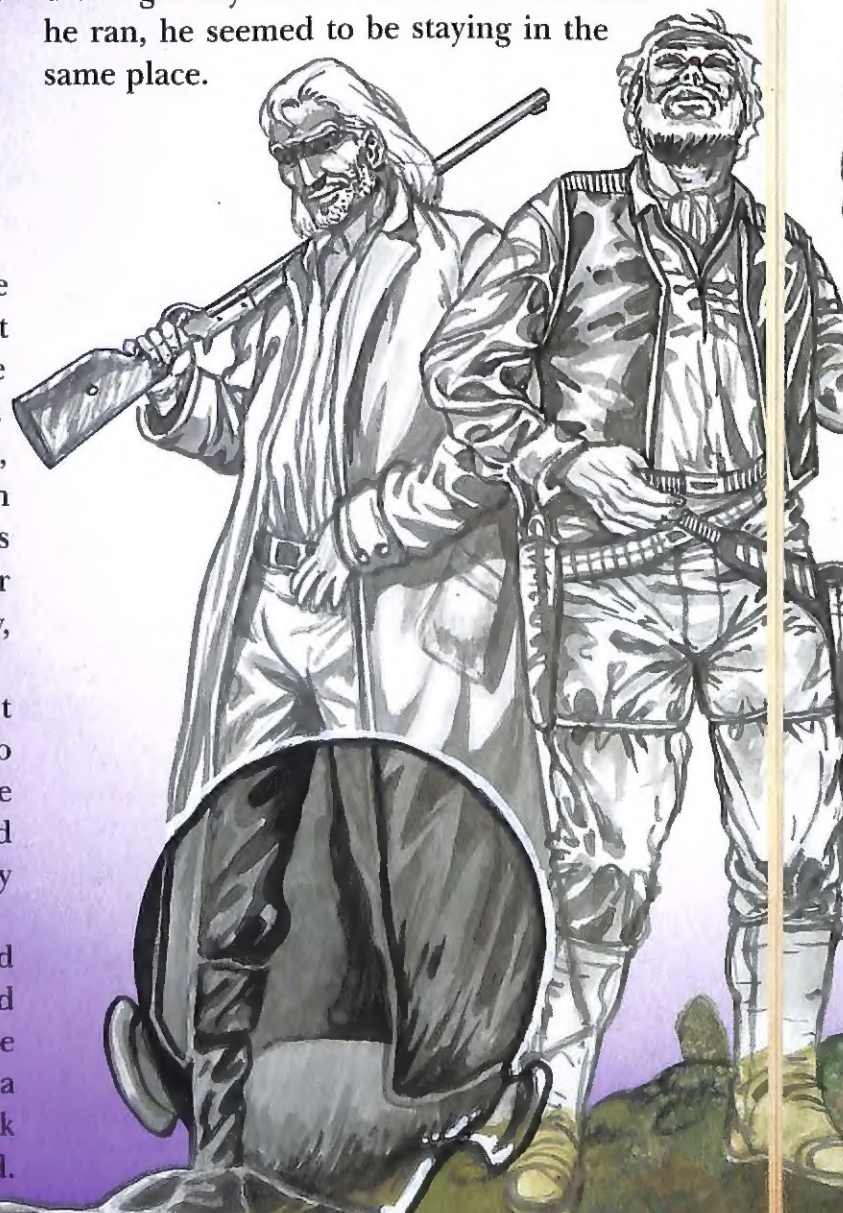
"Please," Chris begged. "You've got what you want. Now let me go." He had to yell above the sound of the wind. Above him the tree branches whipped back and forth as if trying to escape from the ghostly gunslinger, too.

Rance laughed and the others joined him. The hideous noise nearly drowned out the rising moan of the wind and the thrashing of the tree branches. With a savage look on his face, Rance pulled back the hammer of his gun. Chris stiffened. The wail of the wind continued

to rise as Rance squeezed the trigger. Chris heard a loud crack.

For a moment everything seemed to spin around him, then it was still again, and Chris became aware that he was still crouching on the ground.

"I'm all right," he mumbled, half stunned. "He can't... he really can't hurt me." Without looking back, Chris rose unsteadily to his feet. Willing his legs to move, he made a mad dash for the fence at the edge of the graveyard. But the fence didn't get any closer. No matter how hard he ran, he seemed to be staying in the same place.

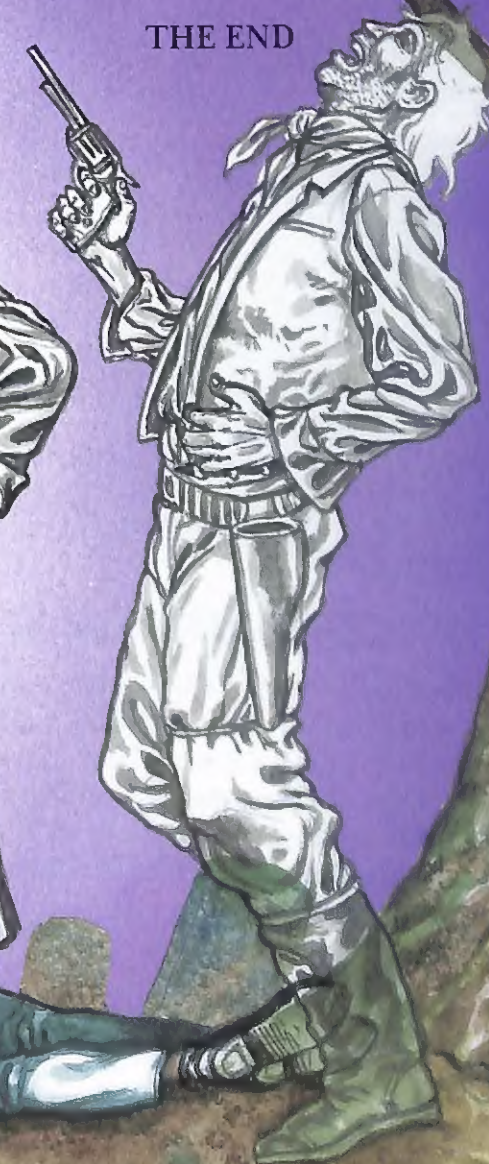


In total terror, Chris spun around – and saw Rance and the other spirits grinning wickedly. Rance was standing over a lifeless body stretched limply across the gunslinger's grave. In horror, Chris saw that it was his own! One of the massive, rotten branches from the tree above the grave had finally splintered in the wind and fallen, hitting him in the head.

D B Rance curled his top lip and snarled. "Hey, boys! Looks

like we have a new member in the gang." He threw back his head in a shriek of horrible laughter, as the wind rose and whipped away both the sounds of the laugh and Chris's screams.

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD



Back to some jungle-covered African countries for more weird stories...

MIRACLE PLANT

In Congo, a water plant with such strange habits that it could almost be alien is being researched. Called lepo, the fleshy plant chooses to live in foul water that's full of animal and human waste, as well as chemicals like petrol.

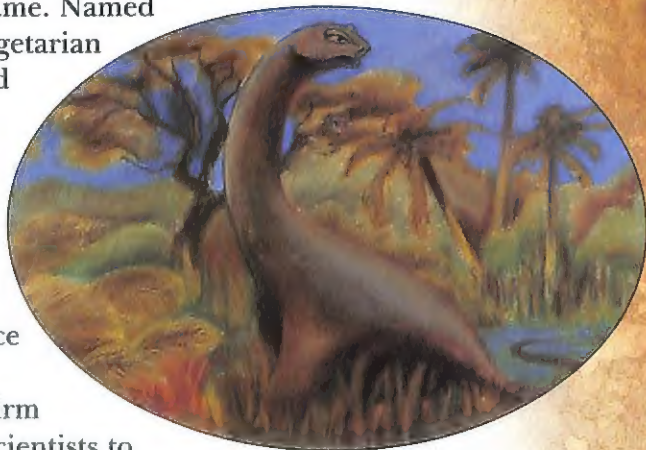
Lepo thrives in this sickening soup, where it removes all the organic and chemical material, to leave crystal clear, unpolluted drinking water! Fast-growing lepo can also feed animals very cheaply. With water and animal feed so scarce in many parts of Africa, lepo seems like a 'miracle' plant...

JUNGLE DINOSAURS

Stories of a huge, dinosaur-like beast in the African jungle excited James Powell, a crocodile expert. In 1980, he sailed up the Ogooue River in Gabon to check it out.

There, he met a tribal witch doctor who pointed at a picture of a diplodocus in Powell's dinosaur book! People from other tribes did the same. Named N'yamala, the huge, shy vegetarian lives in remote marshes and rivers. It eats the nut-like fruit of the 'jungle chocolate' tree.

Unlike most of the world, the climate and geography of this part of Africa haven't changed since the time of the dinosaurs. Sadly, there's not enough firm evidence of N'yamala for scientists to announce, 'Yes! The dinosaurs are still here!'



TERROR OF THE WERE-LEOPARDS

In many African countries, were-hyenas and were-leopards are blamed for the killing and eating of humans and domestic animals. The idea of shape-shifting men changing into were-beasts is an ancient one. The Nigerian word, 'bultungin', literally means 'I change myself into a hyena'. In Zaire, were-leopards are such a part of local tradition that secret societies of leopard-men exist. Members claim they can change into real leopards whenever they want. In reality, the men dress in leopard skins and attach razor-sharp metal claws to their hands. Victims of this murderous society are ripped apart in such a grisly way that leopard-men are feared and loathed by everyone.

► In this scene from the 1945 US film, 'Tarzan and the Leopard Woman', the Hollywood hero, Johnny Weissmuller, comes face to face with the deadly leopard men.

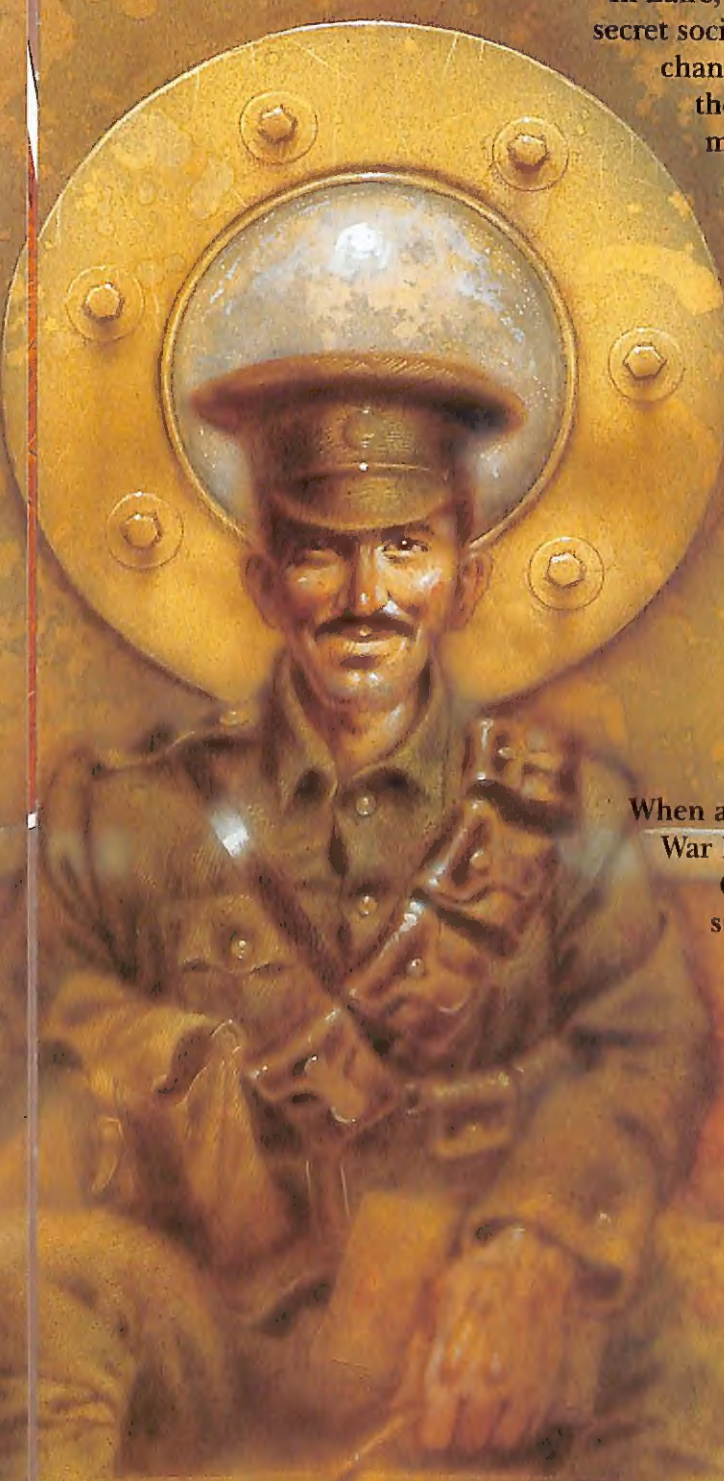


A GHOSTLY GOODBYE?

When a party to celebrate Armistice Day, the end of World War I, was held aboard the cruiser HMS *Astraea*, Harold Owen didn't feel like joining in. He simply couldn't stop worrying about his poet brother, Wilfred, who – as a soldier – had been sent into battle.

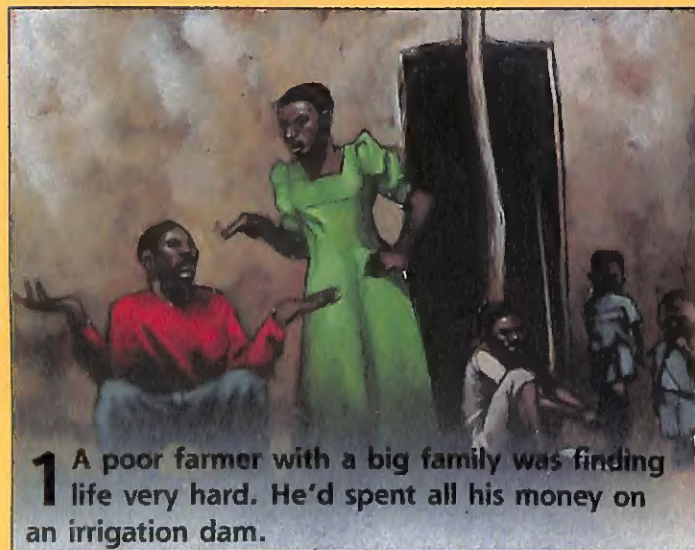
As the cruiser sailed from South Africa to the Cameroons, Harold grew convinced that something had happened to Wilfred. Then, one night, Harold saw his uniformed brother sitting in a chair in his cabin. White-faced, Harold asked, 'Wilfred, how did you get here?' The vision didn't move or reply for a while, but then it broke into a big smile. While Harold looked away for a second, the ghostly image vanished.

Harold then knew, beyond doubt, that his brother was dead. Later, he learned that his family had been told of Wilfred's death on Armistice Day – the very day that he'd first started to worry about his brother.

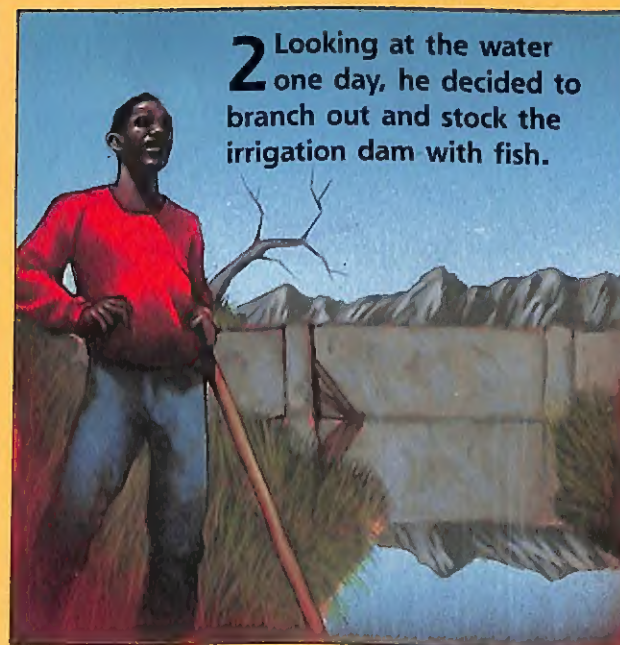


THE DAM AND THE BLAST

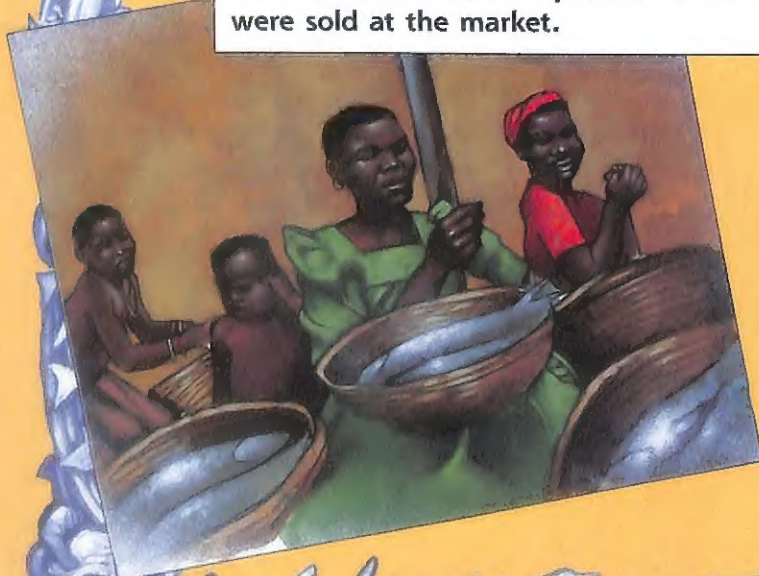
A friend of a friend heard this story in Sierra Leone.



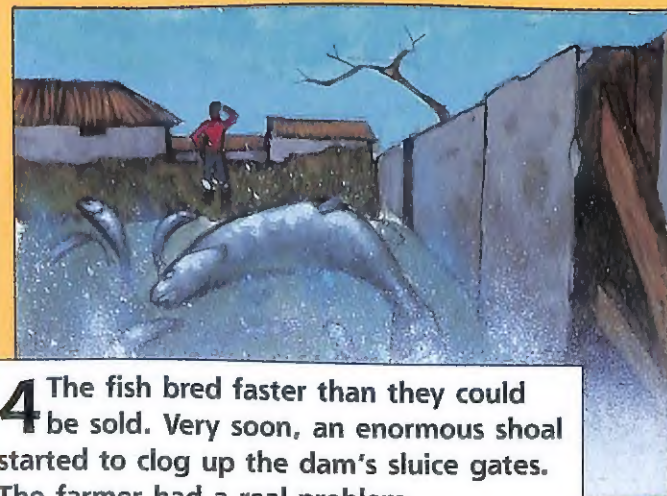
1 A poor farmer with a big family was finding life very hard. He'd spent all his money on an irrigation dam.



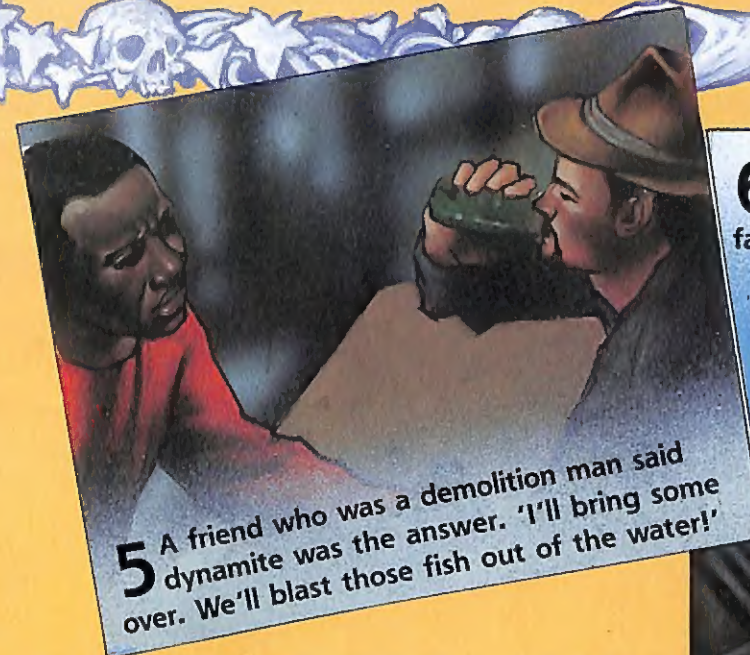
2 Looking at the water one day, he decided to branch out and stock the irrigation dam with fish.



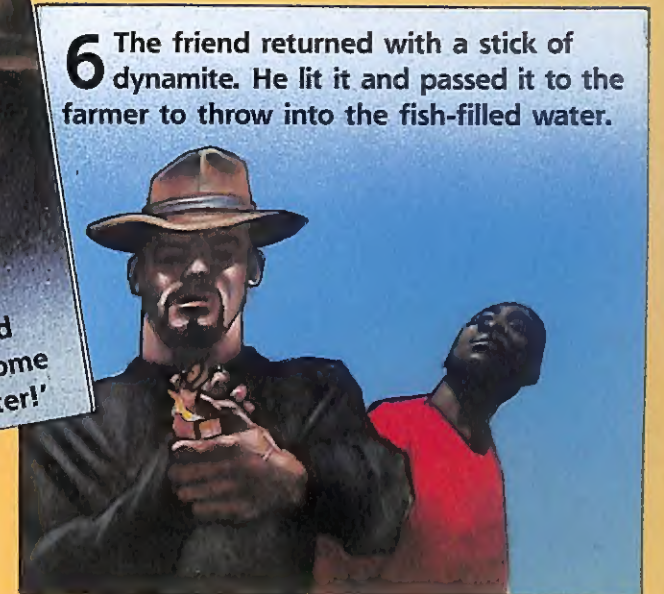
3 The plan worked well for a while. Any fish he and his family couldn't eat were sold at the market.



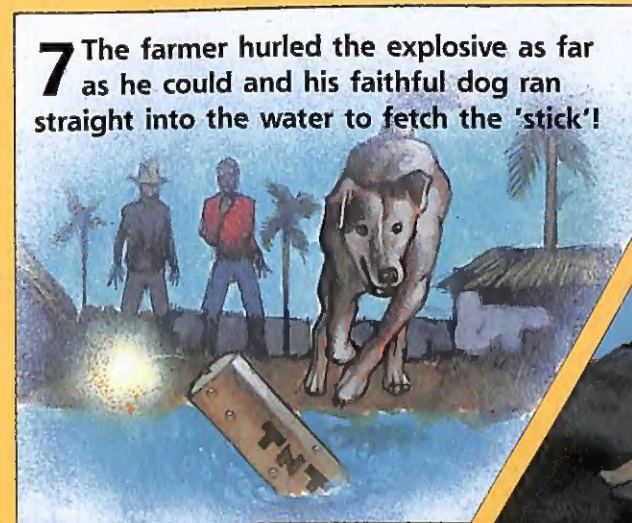
4 The fish bred faster than they could be sold. Very soon, an enormous shoal started to clog up the dam's sluice gates. The farmer had a real problem.



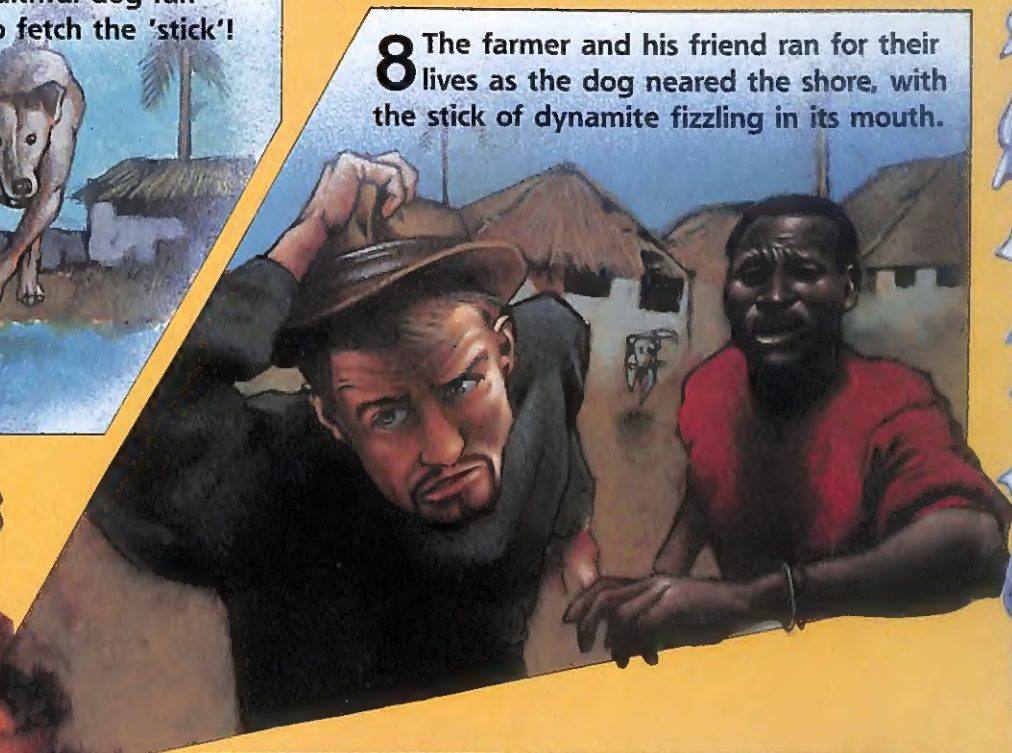
5 A friend who was a demolition man said dynamite was the answer. 'I'll bring some over. We'll blast those fish out of the water!'



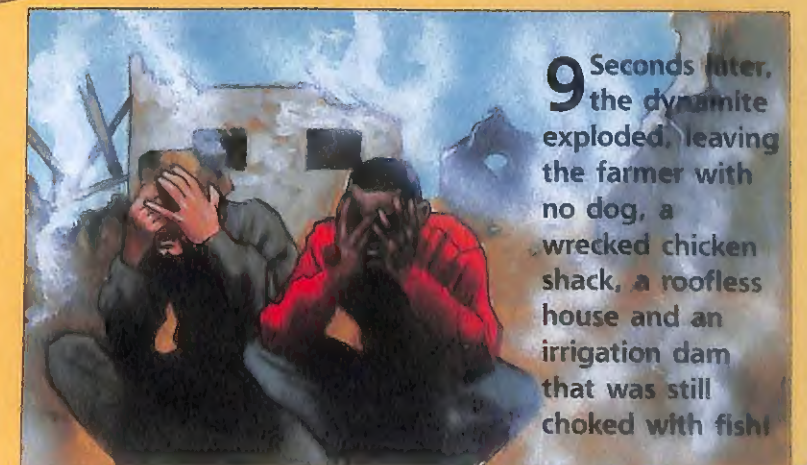
6 The friend returned with a stick of dynamite. He lit it and passed it to the farmer to throw into the fish-filled water.



7 The farmer hurled the explosive as far as he could and his faithful dog ran straight into the water to fetch the 'stick'!



8 The farmer and his friend ran for their lives as the dog neared the shore, with the stick of dynamite fizzling in its mouth.



9 Seconds later, the dynamite exploded, leaving the farmer with no dog, a wrecked chicken shack, a roofless house and an irrigation dam that was still choked with fish!



NAZCA LINES

Special Investigation File: 20

Subject: strange lines and shapes in the desert
Place: Nazca, Peru

SpineChiller creates a file

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

In 1926, two archaeologists climbed a hill in the Nazca Plain, a vast, stony desert in Peru. Looking down, they noticed long, straight lines etched on the ground. When they flew over the desert, they saw huge geometric shapes and animal outlines.

Although these lines could only be seen from the air, archaeologists believe that they were created by the Nazca people, who lived in Peru from about 400BC to AD600. To create them, dark stones were removed from the surface to reveal the pale soil below. But how did ancient people form the lines accurately if they could not see them from above? And why did they make them? Different experts have different theories.



Evidence no: 20/2
Paul Kosok

Expert 2 – Maria Reiche

Studied the Nazca Plain for over 50 years from the mid-1940s. Cleared stones from the lines and built a 15m-high platform to observe them. Like Kosok, believes the lines formed a calendar, but also that the Nazcans used pictures to signal to their gods in the sky.



Evidence no: 20/3
Maria Reiche points out the Nazca Lines

Evidence no: 20/1
60m-wide hummingbird figure on the Nazca Plain

Expert 3 – Gerald Hawkins

Analysed the positions of the Nazca Lines using computers in the late 1960s. Found there was no close match between the markings and the positions of stars and planets. But did show that two earth mounds made by the Nazca were aligned with a constellation in ancient times.



Evidence no: 20/5
Erich von Daniken

December 1968 TOURIST TRAP Erich von Daniken's book 'Chariots of the Gods' has brought people flocking to the Nazca Plain.

In his book, the author claims that the famous Nazca Lines are landing strips once used by alien spacecraft. Serious experts dismiss the idea as total nonsense, but this has not prevented hordes of tourists going to look.

Tragically, by invading the desert they are ruining the very markings they want to see. As a result, the public may soon be banned from crossing the area. In future, the only way to see the ancient desert lines will be from the air.



Evidence no: 20/4
Looted remains from Nazca burial sites

Expert 4 – Tony Morrison

Investigations using infra-red photography led film-maker Morrison to believe that the straight lines were *huacas* (sacred pathways) that linked *ceques* (temples). Some archaeologists now suggest that holy men performed ritual dances on the lines, perhaps to persuade the gods to send rain.

November 1975 HIGH-FLIERS Two men have tried to prove that ancient people flew above the desert to observe the famous Nazca Lines.

Following a design found on ancient pots, Jim Woodman and Julian Nott built their hot-air balloon, called 'Condor I', from fabric that the Nazca people could have made. Yesterday, the balloon soared 100m above the ground and stayed up there for one minute. But many archaeologists still doubt whether the Nazcans could really have used this strange means of transport!

Evidence no: 20/6
Woodman and Nott in their balloon

CONCLUSION

No one knows for sure what the purpose of the Nazca Lines was or how they were made. But experts are continuing to investigate.

Unexplained

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 2

Madam Crowl's Ghost

Retold from the story by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu

One evening, Mrs Wyvern told me the story of Madam Crowl's marriage to Squire Crowl many years before. The Squire was a widower and had a nine-year-old son from his first marriage. This boy was left to his own devices by his father and stepmother and spent most of his time out and about on the estate. One morning his hat was found at the edge of a lake. The boy never returned, and it was presumed that he had drowned. But people later began to mutter that Madam Crowl knew more about his disappearance than she claimed.

In time, the people of Lexhoe forgot about the young boy, and Madam Crowl's own son inherited the estates when he came of age. It was his son, Squire

Chevenix Crowl, who owned Applewale now, Mrs Wyvern explained. The new squire didn't live at Applewale, but he still visited occasionally to keep an eye on his grandmother. As Mrs Wyvern finished the story, I couldn't help thinking of Madam Crowl's hysterical words to me about killing the boy. Was it her stepson she had meant, or was she just talking nonsense? I didn't dare ask Mrs Wyvern or my aunt, so I just kept my thoughts to myself.



Less than six months after I arrived at Applewale House, Madam Crowl started to grow weaker. Then suddenly her condition changed, and she began to toss and turn in the bed, ranting and raving and occasionally letting out a terrible shriek. Sometimes she thrashed about so wildly that she fell out of bed. When my aunt and Mrs Wyvern went to pick her up, she held her wizened hands over her face and begged her helpers to have mercy on her. At the very end she had fits, and when the parson came she was not even capable of saying a prayer.

When Madam Crowl died, Squire Chevenix Crowl was away in France and could not get back in time for her funeral. His grandmother was buried in the vault under Lexhoe Church, and we all stayed on at the house to await the Squire's return. I expected that he would send me home to my family, as my aunt no longer needed my help. But in the meantime I was moved to another room, two doors away from Madam Crowl's former bedchamber. It was a large, square, oak-panelled room, which was simply furnished with a bed, a chair and a table.

The night before the Squire was due to arrive, I went to bed as usual. However, I was so excited at the thought of going home to my mother and sister that I couldn't get to sleep. Shortly after the clock had struck twelve, I was lying awake with my face to the wall and my back to the door. Suddenly I noticed that the wall was glowing with an orange light, and that the shadows of my bed and chair were dancing up and down on it. Thinking that something must have caught fire, I turned round quickly. There, to my

horror, stood the figure of Madam Crowl, dressed in satin and velvet. Her eyes were as wide as saucers and there was a reddish light around the bottom of her gown, almost as if her feet were on fire.

The old woman held out her shrivelled hands in front of her, like claws, as she walked towards my bed. I was so terrified that I began to feel faint. But just at that moment a blast of cold air hit me and I realised that the figure had passed by the bed and was now standing by a recess in the wall. Next, she held out a big key and opened a door that I had never seen before. She groped at something behind the door for a minute or two, then spun round, her



Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.

face set in a hideous grin. Suddenly the room was plunged into darkness. I let out an ear-splitting yell and ran down the corridor, bumping into the walls until I reached Mrs Wyvern's bedroom.

The next morning, I told the story of the night's events to my aunt. I was sure she would dismiss it as nothing more than a bad dream. But to my surprise, she held my hand and encouraged me to tell her every detail. When I explained that the apparition had opened a door in the wall, she asked me if the old woman had had a key in her hand. I told her that she had, a big key with a brass handle.

My aunt let go of my hand, went over to a cupboard and drew out a key identical to the one Madam Crowl's ghost had used. Then she asked me if it was the same. When I told her it was, she put it away again and let me finish my tale. When I had done so, she said that I would have to tell the Squire what I had seen.

At midday I was called into my aunt's sitting room to see the Squire. He was a handsome gentleman, who looked at me kindly and said, "Now what's all this I hear about you seeing strange sights in your bedroom? You know there's no such thing as ghosts or spirits. So why don't you sit down here and tell me all about it, from beginning to end." I told the Squire my story, and when I had finished he paused for a long time. Then he turned to my aunt and said, "The door this girl saw in her dream did exist, you know. One of my grandfather's servants told me that the family silver and jewellery used to be stored in a cavity behind the wall, and that the door to it was opened by a big key with a

brass handle. It sounds as if it is the same key you found in my grandmother's chest, Mrs Shutters. Let's go and see if there are any spoons or diamonds still hidden away behind the door."

I held my aunt's hand tightly as we followed the Squire into the bedroom. There was an empty cupboard against the wall in the recess. When the Squire moved it out of the way we could see the



outline of a door frame in the middle of the oak panelling. The keyhole had been stopped up with wood. The Squire asked for a hammer and chisel. Then he quickly knocked out the wood, pushed the key into the lock and turned it. The door opened with a loud creak.

Peering out from behind the Squire, all I could see beyond the door was total darkness. But as my employer held up a candle, I saw that inside was a tiny room. "There's something over there in the corner!" shouted the Squire. "Give me a poker, Mrs Shutters."

As my eyes grew accustomed to the dark, I could make out a mound, shaped a bit like a crouching monkey, on top of a chest. The squire leaned forwards and touched the mound with the poker. Instantly it collapsed in a cloud of dust. Just before my aunt pulled me away, I could see that the crouched figure was in fact a pile of small bones and a skull. "A dead cat!" announced the Squire quickly, as he blew out the candle and closed the door firmly shut.

I left Applewale House that afternoon, with an extra pound in my pocket from the Squire. God be thanked, I never saw Madam Crowl, in any form, again.

When I was a grown woman, my aunt came to stay with me. It was only then that I found out what had happened at Applewale after my departure. My aunt and the Squire had returned to the cavity and found a set of jet buttons and a knife with a green handle among the bones. Later, the Squire had sorted through his grandfather's papers. Among them was a copy of a poster his grandfather had distributed when he was searching for his son. The poster stated that the missing boy was carrying a green-handled knife and wearing a jacket with jet buttons. The bones in the hidden room most certainly belonged to Madam Crowl's stepson. She had shut him up to die in that dark hole, where his cries for help could not be heard.

THE END

WORD POWER

left to his own devices – left to look after himself

came of age – reached the legal age of adulthood

wizened – dried up and wrinkled

vault – an underground chamber with an arched roof

recess – an area that is set back from the surrounding surface

cavity – a hollow space; hole

jet – a type of hard, black stone used for jewellery

NEXT ISSUE:
Wolverden Tower by Grant Allen

HAUNTED LIBRARY PUZZLES

ALPHA QUIZ

These graffiti-ing ghosts are enjoying an alphabet quiz. Be warned: some of the clues have been scattered round the library.

- Which A is an American reptile?
- Which B goes before bird and board?
- Which C is an American biscuit?
- Which D is another name for pudding?
- Which E is not hard?
- Which F are stories written by Aesop?
- Which G is a sport using ropes, rings and beams?
- Which H goes before teacher and lines?
- Which I is a heavy metal?
- Which J is a traffic problem?
- Which K is a measurement of speed at sea?
- Which L is a country near the Arctic Circle?
- Which M is orange jam?
- Which N is a leaf on a pine tree?
- Which O is a musical play?

VERY ODD

Which is the odd one out?

Blood Guzzler

Foot Gobbler

Which S is a ball of fire?

Skull Ripper

Which T is a ship that sank?

Skin Shredder

Drool Dribbler

Which U is a ghou's favourite fruit?

FANTASTIC FACTS

The American writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, used to go every day to the Athenaeum Library in Boston. Always there, sitting in his chair by the fireplace, was an old clergyman called Doctor Harris. One day Dr Harris died, but for months his ghost was seen each day by Nathaniel Hawthorne and others, sitting in his old chair.

Which W is a building with sails?

Which X is a musical instrument?

Which Y is a Swiss mountain call?

Which V is a mountain like Vesuvius?

Which P can be a jigsaw - or this?

Which Q is a pen made out of a feather?

Which R is never wrong?

GHOSTLY FACE

This ghostly face is about to change into two faces. The ghost just has to add two long lines to make this happen. Where?

SCARY STEPS

The ghouls are trying to get from SPOOK to SCARE. Can you fill it in for them?

BOOK SHELF

Help the floating phantom find the right book to fit in the gap.

Fr nk nst n

Th Ph nt m f
th Op r

WORMED OUT

A bookworm has taken a liking to vowels. It's eaten every a,e,i,o and u off the front of these library books. Can you fill in the vowels and give the books back their full titles?

Dr c l

TITLES OF TERROR

Hidden in the word grid are the following ghostly book and film titles. Can you find them?

Th H nd f th
B sk rv ll s

FANTASTIC FACTS

The Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, London, was, until the late 1970s, haunted by the ghost of a man in a grey cloak, with a powdered wig, sword and riding boots. In the 1840s, workmen found a bricked-up alcove in which was the skeleton of a man with a rusty dagger between his ribs. He was wearing the tattered remains of a cloak. Could it be his ghost that haunts the theatre?

FTWMMKXKYCODLDL
OOOGHDRWWAIJOTO
NMNNAYPNNSADNHR
ESGLIIMTDPFROEA
RMLHFHTLQEMAAPC
DIAQOITNERECSSH
LDIOTSOUTIURAA
HINEOQHBHNBHADTT
CGOMHIZRUELEROS
THOAGPTNLSDLHMI
BTMKOZKNNITROTR
BEETLEJUICEEATH
REPMEKSAMOHTRGC
RAGREENKNOWELSN

BEETLEJUICE CASPER
CHILDREN OF /GREEN KNOWE
CHRISTMAS CAROL DRACULA
GHOSTBUSTERS GHOST OF /THOMAS KEMPE
HAMLET MOONDIAL THE HAUNTING
THE PHANTOM /TOLL BOOTH
TOM'S MIDNIGHT /GARDEN

Tl s f th
n xp ct d

Th P t nd
th P nd l m

ANSWERS

Book Sheet: 502.B. When odd numbers are added together, the numbers on each spine come to 48.

Alpha Quiz: Alligator, Black, Cookie, Dessert, Easy, Fables, Gymnastics, Head, Iron, Jam, Knobs, Lollipop, Marmalade, Needle, Opera, Puzzle, Quill, Rodent, Sun, Titanic, Uggli, Volcano, Windmill, Xylophone, Yodel, Zero.

Scaary steps: Spook-Shook-Shoot-Short-Shore-Score-Score.

Very Odd: Skin Shredder is the odd one out: all the others have two sets of double letters.

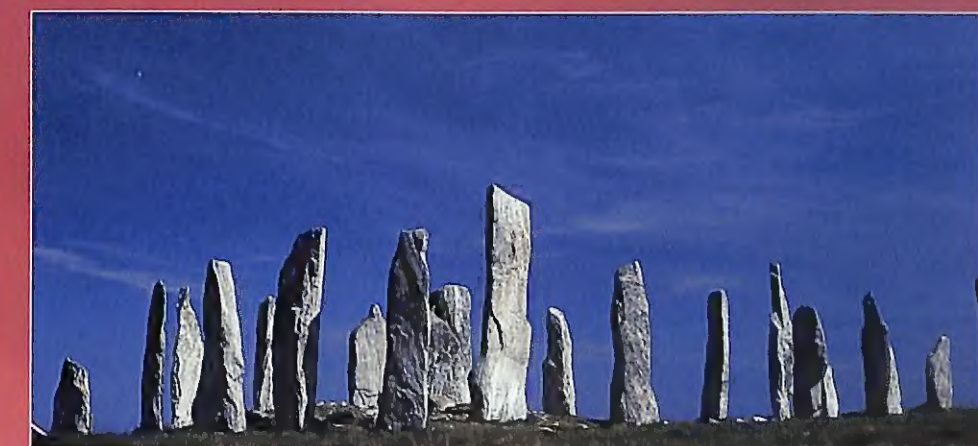
Wormed out: Halloween, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Dracula, Frankenstein, The Phantom of the Opera, Tales of the Unexpected, The Pit and the Pendulum.

Ghostly Faces:

TITLES OF TERROR

THE UNEXPLAINED

STONE CIRCLES



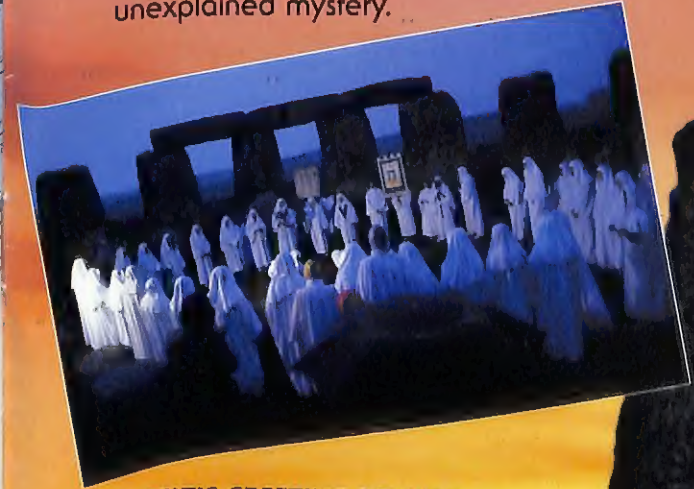
How did prehistoric people, equipped with only the most basic tools, like deer antlers for digging, manage to build awe-inspiring stone circles such as Stonehenge?

Thousands of stone circles were built between 3000 and 1500BC, and over a thousand are still standing in the UK and Europe. Who built them, how, and why they were built remains an unexplained mystery.

▲ **MYSTICAL BEAUTY**
Callanish, on the Isle of Lewis, off the west coast of Scotland, has a central stone and radiating circles.

SUPER BUILDERS
During the Middle Ages, people believed that giants must have erected Stonehenge. In the 1700s, druids were believed to have been the builders, aided by supernatural powers gained through strange rituals. In the early 1900s, people studying the stones found them to be lined up with the rising or setting sun or moon. They came to the conclusion that prehistoric people had erected the stone circles after studying the skies.

But the most fantastic claim to date is that stone circles were built by aliens as landing pads for visiting UFOs!



▲ **CELTIC GREETING REVIVED**
Modern day druids at Stonehenge. It has been suggested that the original druids, ancient Celtic priests, used their supernatural powers to build Stonehenge. But how? They weren't even around until 1000 years later!



▲ **MYSTERY BONES**
Human bones found at the Avebury stone circles are probably ancient burial remains – not human sacrifices!

SPOOKY FORCE

More recently, there have been claims that stone circles generate strange Earth energies and attract moving lights. One famous dowser described how his pendulum swung until it was almost horizontal when he dowsed in the Merry Maidens stone circle in Cornwall, England. At the same time, he received a small electric shock from a stone he touched. He believed that his pendulum was picking up an Earth force that was generated by centuries of worship and perhaps even religious sacrifice. Other reports even claim that psychic powers have been received from stone circles.

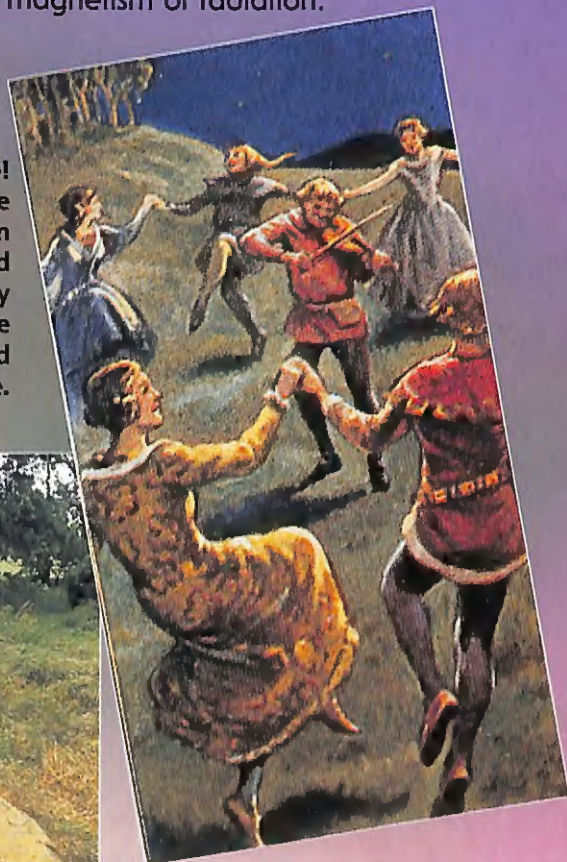
ENERGY DETECTIVES

In 1977 a group of people got together to investigate these claims and called themselves the Dragon Project. They have worked with psychics and dowsers as well as taking measurements with scientific instruments. They claim that the strange energy found at stone circles may be the

result of splits in the Earth's crust pushing different minerals together. In addition to this, the builders of the circles seem to have deliberately chosen boulders with especially high levels of natural magnetism or radiation.

► CURSED!

Illustration of the legend of Stanton Drew circle, England – a wedding party that danced on the Sabbath was turned to stone.



◀ SUNHONEY CIRCLE

The marks on the horizontal stone line up with the setting moon.



▲ ENERGY GENERATOR

A member of the Dragon Project dowses over the King Stone, at the Rollright circle, Oxfordshire.

Earthlights are the other unexplained phenomenon linked with stone circles. These mysterious moving lights appear as colourful or white balls round ancient stones. They are often reported as UFOs, but the Dragon Project believe that they too are the result of splits in the Earth's crust.

UNSOLVED MYSTERY

Why are so many unusual events linked to stone circles? For centuries myth, legend and ritual have been associated with these imposing stones. Some people still believe the stones to have special healing powers. Certainly, it will be many years before all the mysteries surrounding these imposing sites are solved.